

DUCK



The Heart of Iris

Episode VI

Close by her love's side, Somewhere in France,
Sits Iris, watching with a tender care
The fast returning strength, the quickened glance—
The joy that greets her presence "Over There,"
Where he has served so gallantly.

Little she knew her journey's end would find
That War had taken its toll of one so dear,
Yet happy these hours are, as heart to heart,
They plan the greater happiness so near,
That love and love alone may bring.

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(12)



“**G**OD tells us we must love our enemies. He can't expect us to love *HIS* enemies! With my own eyes I have seen the work of the Hun. And no one who has not seen with his own eyes can have even a glimmer of understanding. I have sung my songs to the soldiers. I have lived with them in their camps. I have been with them in the mud and blood-soggy trenches. I have heard their tales and seen their deeds. I have visited their hospitals; I have talked with the wounded and maimed. Some will never more walk the shady lanes, or the little streets of their home towns; some will never gaze upon the trees and flowers on the hill-side, nor look into the faces of loved ones, but they laugh and talk and sing. I have been in France. I realize now more than ever before that my son's life was not given in vain.”

—Harry Lauder in “*A Minstrel in France.*”

If you have a Son in service, if you have any Friend in uniform, you will find courage and consolation in Harry Lauder's ringing words. He has lived with the soldiers in the trenches. He has toured England raising money and recruits. He is now in America—he has visited 77 cities from Boston to Los Angeles—spoken to millions—sent 12,000 men into the Army. Of all these experiences Harry Lauder has written an account in his own simple words, lightened by inimitable flashes of kindly humor. This book—“A Minstrel in France”—is now on sale. Price \$2.00. At all dealers or order direct from Hearst's International Library Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York



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A Recipe for a Hearty Laugh

TURN over this page, link arms with B. L. T., and see if you don't get more merriment out of life than you've ever gotten before.

Perhaps you've thought "B.L.T." stands for "Bright Little Talks." Well, you're wrong, for bright as these paragraphs are, the initials really identify Bert Leston Taylor, who, as the "Lin-o-Type" man, is known to thousands of readers. Mr. Taylor's breezy comment on things personal, political and otherwise, will hereafter serve as the vestibule through which you enter into Puck's many pleasantries.

K. C. B. brings us to another set of initials, belonging to Kenneth C. Beaton, the genial philosopher of the Golden West, who has come East not only with an entirely new and happy outlook on life, but possessed of a unique method of expressing it.

In Bruno Lessing's "Tales of the

Town," we have a new series of this writer's brilliant studies of life in a big city—which happens in this case to be New York. Next month, Mr. Lessing tells us all about "Mitzi," and how she accomplished the ruin of a perfectly good gypsy band.

Alan Dale's interviews with stage celebrities are inimitable, and in June he takes us back-stage with Miss Grace Valentine, of "Lombardi, Ltd.," whose *Daisy* has proved one of the dramatic achievements of the season.

If you have a hard question to ask, send it in to the genial humorist who writes "Soft Answers"; and we are sure that Wex Jones will welcome any really big "news-beat" for his *Morning Smile*.

And, most important of all, drop a line to the editor now and then, and tell him just what you like about PUCK—or what you do not like.

G. L. WILLSON, President

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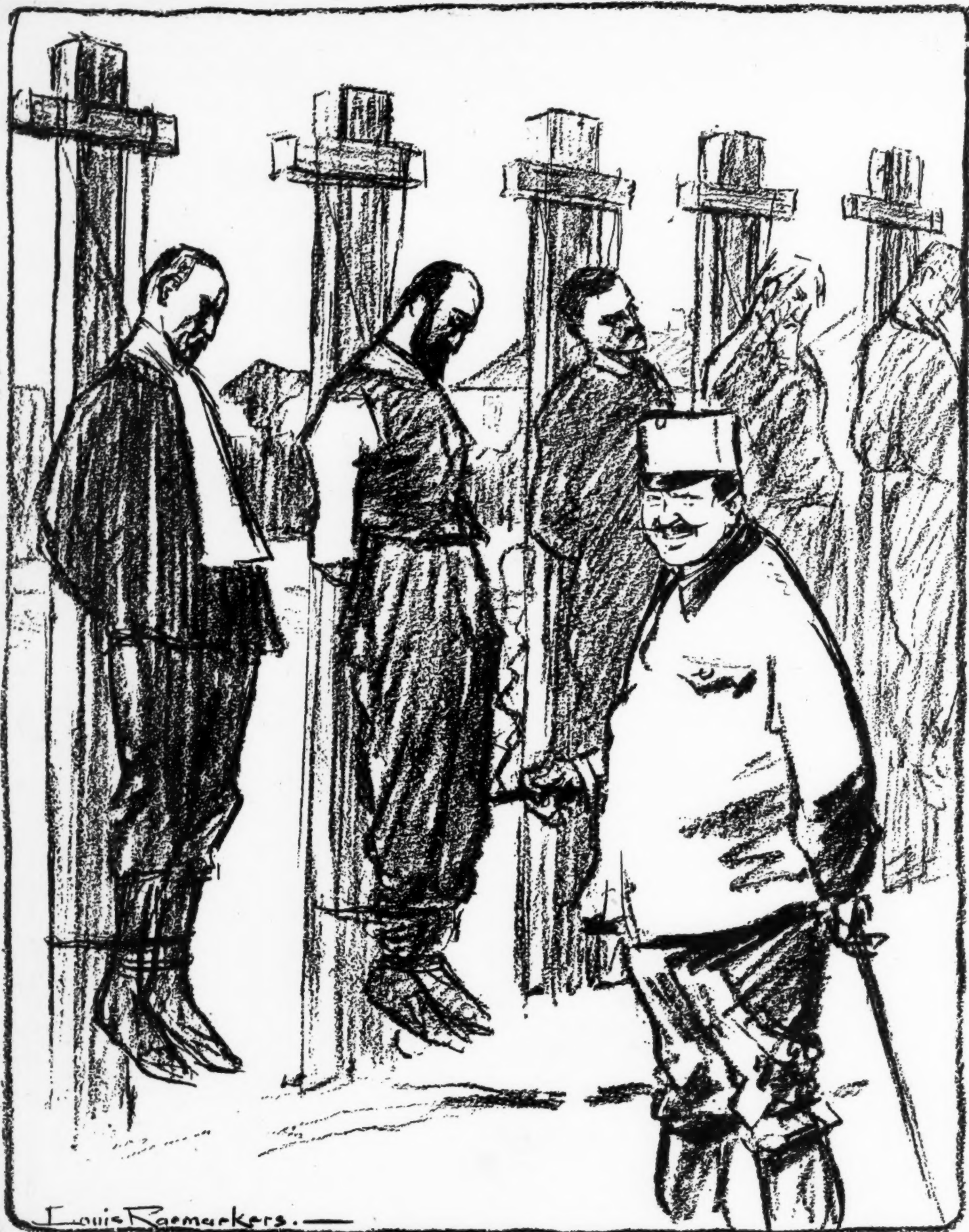
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The True Position in Serbia

German announcement: "The population is quiet."

(The German and Austrian Governments have stated that the Serbians are happy and contented under their new rulers. The truth is that Serbia is gradually being exterminated; death penalties and deportations are inflicted for the most trivial offenses.)

What Fools These Mortals Be!

by B. L. T.



TROTZKY and Lenine are reported to have signed a peace treaty without looking at it. But this was only a little joke of the German commander's. What he got their signatures to was an application for a set of the Encyclopedia Germanica, in forty-eight volumes, bound in full morocco. It always pays to read a peace treaty, no matter how much of a hurry you may be in.

Browning clubs are being formed to civilize the Kaiser. Experts say that the new Browning machine gun works perfectly.

It probably has escaped general attention that the German army invading Russia is composed of doddering old veterans with one leg in the grave. All the able troops, as you will recall, were withdrawn for duty on the western front.

American intellectuals have considered the thing of prime importance to be an informed public opinion. It would never do to win the war and then not know exactly what ought to be done. An informed public opinion may have been what the Bolsheviks were working at. Unfortunately, while they were engaged in intellectual preparation the Germans walked in on them.

Mr. Bok, the exceptionally well known editor, wants to know where Holland is: says he can't find it on the map. Dear, dear! Have the Germans pushed Holland off the map? We haven't looked lately, but the last time we did look for Holland we found it by sighting a course south by east from The Hague. There it was, sure enough—"H-o-l-l-a-n-d."

As we write this paragraph Japan's course in Siberia is uncertain. Much may happen while a magazine is in the press. But one opinion may be ventured with more or less assurance: the Japs are "a wonderful little people."

Dr. Garfield, administrator of coal, wood, and kindling, advises folks to buy their supply of coal for next winter now. The Doc must have his little joke.

"Can you," Gen. Mitchener inquires of the Prime Minister in *Press Cuttings*, "can you conceive of existence under a German moon?" Since that day a greater feat of imagination has come up for trial—can you conceive of existence under a Bolshevik moon?

"Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." The Russians followed this admonition, and then found themselves in a peculiar predicament: they had no more cheeks to turn. And, curiously enough, the Germans were still unsatisfied.

A recent headline announced, "McAdoo Moves to Save Soft Corn," and we have been wondering how the ingeniously paradoxical experiment succeeded. The conventional way to save it is to move as little as possible.



World Without End

ONCE upon a summer's night
Mused a mischief-making sprite,
Underneath the leafy hood
Of a fairy-haunted wood.
Here and there, in light and shade,
Ill-assorted couples strayed:
"Lord," said PUCK, in elfish glee,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Now he sings the self-same tune
Underneath an older moon.
Life to him is, plain enough,
Still a game of blind man's buff.
If we listen we may hear
Puckish laughter always near,
And the elf's apostrophe,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

If the Kaiser's shock units fail to win a road in the west, he has the assurance of the Sultan that he may draw upon his shock eunuchs to the last Turk.

"Found—A well bred dog."
—*Ad in Denver Times.*

An example of pure deduction.

Are there any more juvenile prodigies of violin valor to be heard before the lists close for the season? Every time we hear one we are reminded of Sarasate's remark when Mischa Elman burst upon the world. "What is to become of this young man?" asked Sarasate. "His career is ended!"

We regret to learn that our Idiot Strategist, who has been employed in the war office at Petrograd for the last three months, has been removed, a complete wreck, to the Smolny Institute for the Feeble Minded. Only a Russian can stand it.

A western newspaper, considering diplomatic matters, refers to "Charles D'Affaires." On looking him up in Hostetter's Almanack we find that M. Charles D'Affaires has spent his entire life in the diplomatic service, and is as widely and favorably known as M. Attaché.

We are indebted to the war news for acquaintance with another distinguished person, "Colonel del Rosso," reported by a Chicago paper as captured on the Italian front. It is usually printed "Col del Rosso," but you will admit that it looks better when spelled out.

"U. S. Recommends Food for Growing Children."

—*Springfield (Ill.), Record.*

We have followed the government's suggestion, and are pleased to report that our youngster took to it like the proverbial duck to the equally proverbial water.

Although there are many factions in Russia, there is always room for one more, and we look to see Pro Bono Publico's hat in the ring any day.

Much is expected of the American army, and much will be done. Up to date it may be said, without boasting, that it has done very well for an army with only one set of buttons on its pants.

"He sat down in a vacant chair," relates a magazine fictionist. It is, everything considered, the safest way. Much of the discord in the world has been caused by gentlemen—and ladies as well—who sat down in chairs already occupied.

"Large room; reasonable; meals optical."—*Adlet.*

The classic example of optical meals is to be found in the Arabian Nights story of one of the Barber's brothers, we have forgotten which, probably the sixth. "Have some more of the wine," said the Barmecide genially, rubbing his hands. "Where is it?" asked the starving and thirsty guest. "It's all in your eye," replied the Barmecide. Whereupon the Barber's relative handed the joker one in the Arabian equivalent for slats.

The manufacturer of a certain automobile advertises that his vehicle "will hold five ordinary people." And, as a matter of fact, it usually does.

My Pet Burglar Story

by RAYMOND HITCHCOCK



DID you ever have a burglar in your home? Jolly little playmates—burglars. I remember one night my wife woke me up, and said:

"Hitch, there's a burglar in the house."

I hustled into my dinner jacket—it always pays to be polite to burglars—and there, sure enough, was one of the fraternity looking over the family plate—or plated, I should say.

"**G**OODNESS gracious, old top!" I cried; "you here? Just put down your kit for a few minutes and I'll go out and get a policeman to arrest you."

"Not a chance, Bo," he said, as he proceeded to sterilize his drills before trying them on my fine old mahogany. Run along, now, and don't bother me again."

ON the corner I found a policeman, just waking up.

"Officer," I said, handing him a pass for two seats at the matinee, "there's a burglar in my house, and I want you to come over and pinch him."

"Got a scar on his face?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "a long scar right down his cheek."



© E. O. Hoppé

"**C**AN'T arrest him," the copper replied, "that guy's got the burgling privilege for this beat."

"Well, darn it all, who issued him a permit to burgle my house. What can I do about it?"

"Try moving in some block where the burgling privilege hasn't been sold," and he stuffed my tickets in his hat and walked off.

SO I beat it back to the house and tapping my burglar friend on the shoulder, I said:

"Sorry, old chap, but I can't have you arrested on this beat. Would you mind coming down the street to my manager's house and we'll break in there, and split fifty-fifty."

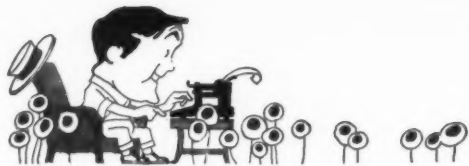
"Nope, me pal just bought that route, and he's got an old mother to support."

BY this time, he was about to sling my semi-precious Britannia over his shoulder and depart, when a man in a black mask stuck his head in the window and blew a whistle.

"Gee, you're a lucky guy," the burglar said, dropping the swag. "I can't burgle you to-night. That was our walking delegate and when he blew that whistle he called a burglars' strike."

On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.



DEAR EDITOR.
IF I wanted to.
I COULD brag.
ABOUT where I am.
WHEN I'M writing this.
BUT I'M not going to.
IT WOULDN'T be right.
AND besides.
IT WOULD make you mad.
FOR WHERE I am.
THERE ARE flowers.
AND THE sun is shining.
AND BIRDS are singing.
AND I'VE just et.
AND WHERE you are.
WHATEVER you're doing.
I DON'T know.
BUT YOU'RE probably working.
AND worrying.
ABOUT US writers.
AND THAT'S what you get.
FOR BEING efficient.
AND trustworthy.
INSTEAD of a nut.
LIKE me.
AND THERE'S Mr. McAdoo.
AT Washington.
AND HE'S getting wrinkled.
AND LOSING his hair.
RUNNING the railroads.
WHILE THE conductors.
AND THE porters.
HAVE NOTHING to do.
BUT GET on the trains.
AND RIDE around.
AND COLLECT tickets.
AND ASSAULT the passengers.
WITH whisk brooms.
AND EAT in the diners.
AND GO home.
AND FORGET it.
AND MR. McAdoo.
HAS GOT to worry.
ABOUT PAYING them.



AND MR. Editor.
IF I STAY out here.
YOU'RE GOING to lose me.
FOR A contributor.
I CAN feel it.
AND I wouldn't care.
EXCEPT I need the money.
FOR I know.
THAT AFTER a while.
THERE'LL BE cloudy days.
AND THE sun won't shine.
AND THE blossoms.
WILL GO from the fields.
AND MY dreams.
WILL TURN into nightmares.
AND JUST yesterday.



I WAS on a boat.
AND THE captain was there.
AND HE was excited.
BECAUSE something had happened.
TO THE engines.
AND THERE was a deck hand.
AND ALL he had to do.
WAS wander around.
IN THE sun.
ON THE nice deck.
WITH A mop.
AND A bucket of water.
AND HE hadn't a worry.
IN THE whole world.
EXCEPT TO keep his bucket.
FULL OF water.
AND HE was healthy.
AND ATE just as often.
AS THE captain.



AND MR. Editor.
YOU'LL PLEASE excuse me.
FOR WRITING this stuff.
BUT SOME how.
WHEN I GET out here.
WHERE I am now.
AND SIT down in the sun.
AND dream.
AND FILL my lungs.
WITH WHAT it is.
THAT COMES from the fields.
I OFTEN wonder.
WHY SO many men.
WILL WORK so hard.
TO THE end.
THAT THEY'RE put away.
IN A dreary room.
WITH A desk.
OR UP IN the cabin.
OF THE captain.
WHILE ALL the time.
THEY MIGHT be running around.
IN THE sun.
AND BE tramps.



AND DECK hands.
AND NOT even know.
WHAT it is.
THAT MAKE the boats go.
AND MR. Editor.
IF YOU'LL forgive me.
FOR WANDERING around.
IN THIS listless way.
FOR ALL of my space.
I'LL PROMISE you.
THAT I'LL steal away.
FROM THIS lotus land.
AND COME back.
AND BEFORE I close.
I JUST WANT to tell you.
ABOUT a man.
WHOM I used to know.
WHEN I lived out here.
AND HE had a son.
AND HE'D let him run around.
WHEREVER he liked.
AND HE never helped him.
EXCEPT TO lick him.
AND JUST a little while ago.
I MET father.
AND HE'S wearing a service button.
ON HIS coat.
AND IS the president.
OF A Fathers' Club.
AND TO hear him talk.
YOU'D almost believe.
HE WAS the father.
OF THE whole army.
THE BIG stiff!
EVERY LITTLE while.
THE KAISER says something.
ABOUT HIS "twenty-six years.
"OF PEACE effort."
AND I'M reminded.
OF THE turkey gobbler.
THAT STRUTTED about.
IN THE barnyard.
AND GREW fat.
AND SAUCY.
AND CHASED the children.



AND EVERYBODY.
AND ONE day.
THE FARMER came out.
AND THE turkey gobbler.
TOOK AFTER him.
AND HE didn't run.
HE JUST waited.
AND GRABBED the gobbler.
AND AFTER that.
THERE WASN'T any trouble.
IN THE barnyard.
AT ALL.
AND THE turkey gobbler.
RESTED IN peace.
FROM THEN on.

Tales of the Town

II. Three Judgments

by BRUNO LESSING

*"My friend, judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee."*

MARTIN SAMPSON, aged fifty-two, having made considerable money out of the propagation and education of mules in Missouri, had sold his farm and had come to New York for the first time in his life to study the glare and the iniquity of the metropolis at first hand, before deciding what he would do for the remainder of his days. He was a man of easy-going disposition, slow to anger and with a strong sense of justice. Being a bachelor he possessed an abnormal sense of chivalry toward the fair sex. One hesitates to inquire why bachelors are more chivalrous in their attitude toward women than married men for fear of ascertaining that it is because they know less about them. Sampson, like most men who have spent their lives among mules, wasn't exactly the kind of adornment you would have selected for a parlor. But men found him likeable and he was quick to make friends. Among the things that he knew absolutely nothing about were French, German, Italian, history, mathematics, belles-lettres, paleontology, psychology, philosophy, ethics, aesthetics, metaphysics and English grammar. His satisfaction, however, lay in the fact that he did not even know they existed.

For that matter, many a good man has gone to his grave in the same contented condition of mind. The only problem that worried Sampson was whether to spend the rest of his life in St. Louis or in New York. He knew St. Louis. He was here to become acquainted with the metropolis.

Sampson had taken a suite of rooms in one of the big hotels. It cost him what, twenty years ago, he would have considered a small fortune for the week. Having not a single acquaintance in the town however, he derived a certain amount of pleasure from the sheer physical sensation of spending money. Most of the day he lounged about the long cor-

ridors and numerous waiting-rooms of the hotel, admiring the good-looking women and the well-groomed men. He was killing time. And he was studying New York.

Upon a day—it was not yet eleven o'clock in the morning—Sampson, strolling down the principal corridor of the hotel found it entirely deserted save for one individual who sat upon a couch, tugging nervously at the tip of his small, pointed beard. Sampson promptly judged him to be a foreigner. He was immaculately dressed—a man between thirty and thirty-five—and extremely good-looking, although Sampson, who had had much experience with men and did know something about physiognomy, observed lines and

facial stigmata that denoted weakness of character. Sampson, a cigar in his mouth and his hands clasped behind his back, wandered up and down the corridor several times and then, out of sheer loneliness, seated himself directly opposite the man. He of the pointed beard looked at Sampson but once—a sweeping survey, from head to foot—and then continued to pluck the end of his beard without paying further attention to his vis-à-vis. A woman passed between them and the foreigner became instantly alert. His face seemed to light up and his eyes sparkled. He seemed to devour the woman with his gaze, although, as she passed, he made no effort to attract her attention. Sampson felt disgusted.

"That's one o' them New York mashers!" he commented to himself. He drew a fresh cigar from his pocket and, while slowly clipping the end of it, he stared at the man with an expression of profound contempt. The man was entirely unaware that he had incurred Sampson's disapprobation. In fact, he seemed entirely unaware of Sampson's presence. And now it was Sampson's fortune to become spectator of a most unusual succession of incidents for which he could find no parallel in all his past experience.

A young woman, extremely good-looking, walked quickly down the corridor, buttoning her gloves as she went. The foreigner sprang to his feet and made a profound bow to her. Even before he had recovered an upright position, the woman had passed him without deigning even to cast a glance upon him. He gazed after her with an expression of discomfiture which lasted hardly a second. Then he shrugged his shoulders, smiled, sat down and began to tug at his beard. Sampson's lips were pressed tightly together. He had not missed a single gesture of the entire incident. He stared at the man with the deliberate intent of expressing his disgust at the entire proceeding but, to his annoyance, the man seemed entirely oblivious of



Strothmann.

Within five minutes, six young women had passed and each had received the same profound bow.



Sampson invariably insisted upon paying the bills. The Count frequently demurred, but his host was obdurate.

his presence. A moment later another young woman approached, received the same sweeping bow from the foreigner and passed on. Instead, however, of ignoring him completely, she took the trouble to glare at him with an expression of active dislike. Sampson felt his blood tingling and found that both his hands were tightly clinched. A few moments afterward the whole affair was repeated and, within five minutes six young women had passed, each had received the same profound bow and each had responded with some different manifestation of displeasure. But none of them had uttered a word. Sampson was beginning to boil inwardly. He had looked up and down the corridor, several times, in hope of seeing a hotel detective or one of the managers. But no one had come into his range of vision excepting the foreigner and the young woman who had passed by.

Now came the seventh and the last. She was prettier than any of the others, seemed rather nervous herself and walked with her eyes downcast. The foreigner had sprung to his feet the moment he had observed her approaching. He made her the same bow but, as she passed him, he seized her by the arm and attempted to detain her.

"Could I not speak wiz you?" he asked. "I have so much to say." The young woman freed herself from his grasp and walked on without a word. But Sampson could stand it no longer. In two strides he stood before the man who, even at this moment, seemed unaware of his existence but was staring, in some bewilderment, after the retreating figure. With the utmost deliberation Sampson slapped his face. The foreigner col-

lapsed upon the couch and, with his hands to his cheek, stared at Sampson.

"For why you do zat?" he asked.

"You damned little monkey!" exclaimed Sampson. "What d'ye mean by insulting every woman who passed by? I was watching you." The foreigner leaped to his feet and seized Sampson by the arm.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" he cried. "Such a beeg mistake. I no insult. Ze ladies insult me. Las' night I have supper wiz all of them. I give my word. You mus' apologize."

"Y' mean to tell me you know them?" asked Sampson, somewhat taken aback. The man threw up both arms in a gesture of tragic despair and then pressed his fists to his cheeks.

"I know ze little one" he whispered, hoarsely. "Ze las' one what went by. I say I like to give a party. She ees theatre girl. She say, 'Vair' well. I bring ze friends.' Las' night I give ze party."

"We have fight. Zey won't speak no more. Voila! Zat ees all. I give my word!"

Sampson scratched his head and, as he gazed into the frank, brown eyes of the excitable Frenchman, he began to feel embarrassed. But he was a simple, honest man.

"Friend," said he, "I guess I made a mistake of judgment and I guess it's up to me to apologize. My name is Sampson. You'll excuse it this time, won't you? Or, if you like, you can give me a biff on the nose and I won't say a word." He held out his hand which the Frenchman eagerly grasped.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he cried, smiling. "It ees all over. I myself make meestake some time. I make a gran' meestake las' night. My name ees Count de Caligny. I vair' glad!" The count

bowed low and Sampson clapped him upon the shoulder.

"I guess there's nothing else we can do but to have a drink," he said, genially. The Frenchman laughed, showing magnificent teeth.

"Zat ees fine American custom," he said. "When zare ees nossing to do zey always have drink."

As their acquaintance ripened Sampson reproached himself more and more for the blunder he had made. The count proved to possess such an open, straightforward personality and had such engaging manners that Sampson found himself liking the chap more and more. He tried to draw from him the story of the party, but the count only shook his head.

"I am gentleman," he said, "and gentleman never tell what happen when zare seven ladies present." Sampson liked him all the more for his chivalry.

"You don't happen to be married, do you?" he asked. The count laughed.

"I too old a, what you call, smart bird!" he replied. It took the Frenchman a very short time to compass the length, breadth and thickness of Sampson's life story. As a matter of fact, anybody would have known all about Sampson after ten minutes' talk with him. Excepting one thing. No one would ever have supposed that he was inordinately sensitive. Yet he was. So sensitive, in fact, that his summary attack upon the count worried him more and more with each day.

They saw each other again, the next day and lunched together. After that, for three days, the count virtually took Sampson in tow and revealed to him the glittering side of New York life. Sampson was delighted. They (Continued on page 30)



Photos by Campbell Studio

Drafted!

No, not for foreign service, but chosen from the ranks of the "legitimate" drama for a season in the movies—Miss Helen Maxwell.

Our other little friend in the picture, being a sterling field dog, expects to be sent out on "locations."





Miss Elizabeth Riden, at that interesting moment immediately preceding her sensational plunge in "Seven Days Leave."



Miss Ruth Randall has firmly established herself as one of Terpsichore's staunch devotees.

Let's Dance the

Day Around!



And all Broadway has marvelled at the graceful performance of Miss Ada Forman.



"I have been on the stage since I was eight years old."

I Go Down Into "The Village"

by ALAN DALE



"It is absurd to say that a play is either moral or immoral. For me, these words mean nothing at all."

THE average actress who is "off Broadway" looks upon herself as just a trifle worse than dead. She misses the inspiration of the electric advertisements of corsets, and whisky, and petticoats. The savor of life vanishes with the delight of picking one's way through Pompeian subway excavations, and everything else is dull. Better a failure on Broadway than a success elsewhere. That's the idea, you know. Impossible to resist it. Really, the idealization of Broadway is rather amusing, but it is so general that even I felt overweeningly sorry to see such a dynamic and palpitant little actress as Fania Marinoff actually lost in Greenwich Village.

I went to see "Karen" at the Greenwich Village Theatre, and I simply reveled in Miss Marinoff's work. It was Nazimovian; it was extraordinary; it was the triumph of repression, crypticism, and artistic beauty. And then—and then—the Broadway notion "got" me; it stifled my delight, and I said to myself that it was ten thousand pities to see such an actress wasted on Greenwich Village. Could I possibly go down there—there, underlined—and chat. It did seem dreadful to contemplate such a thing. Let me see—to get there (there, underlined) you skirmish along Sixth Avenue, till you

reach a market where odiously sordid things are sold, and it is all drearily unlike Broadway. You feel wistful and expatriated, and out of everything, and uncomfortable.

However, Miss Marinoff's performance in "Karen" intrigued me so thoroughly, that I made up my mind to go and chat with her. The idea of Greenwich Village obsessed me for two days, and I was anxious to get it over. I can't bear strange places. When in strange places, I am not myself!

The performance of "Karen" was over when I reached the Greenwich Village Theatre with the purpose of seeing Miss Marinoff. Courteous people—I was bound to admit that at least Broadway does not shine in the courtesy particular—made me feel easy and at home, and I was led to Miss Marinoff's dressing-room by the courtliest kind of person. Everything was very tiny, and when I saw the dressing-room I felt that it really should harbor a Lilliputian.

Fania Marinoff herself is diminutive—what the press-agent would call "small and petite"—and as she ushered me into the dressing-room, it was instantly crowded. There was just room in it for Miss Marinoff without her make-up. With it, the place must be uncomfortably packed! It was in the shape of an equilateral triangle, each side of which was about four feet, I should say.

This was a new experience to me. There were two chairs, so close together that they were touching! As for drawing oneself up to one's full height, that was out of the question. Miss Marinoff smiled, and was not at all disconcerted. She reminded me so much of Nazimova, that instantly I was quite happy. (I love Nazimova!) She wore a kimono, and her raven black hair was

loosely pendulous. Her make-up had not yet been removed (that was why we were so crowded) and her curious eyes reflected amusement. Miss Marinoff is all eyes—and I must say that I am fond of an eye or two. It is any girl's most delightful feature. I had expected to find somebody very soulful, and haughty—I don't know why—but in Miss Marinoff's presence, such absurd ideas vanished. Dynamic—that is exactly the adjective that expresses her.

And I said just the thing to awaken her dynamosity, for I remarked clumsily: "What a pity that you are lost down here!"

Fania Marinoff blazed. I could not have uttered a more futile set of words. "Lost!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "Lost! Why, I have never been so happy in my life. This is what I have dreamed of—what I have scarcely dared to hope for. It is the ambition of my life realized. It is my emancipation from the commercial side of the theatre."

"Yes," I acquiesced, solemnly, "but it isn't Broadway."

"Broadway!" cried Miss Marinoff derisively. "What does Broadway mean? It means that every night, the actor is miserable, as he asks himself 'I wonder if we close Saturday'; that he is preoccupied with the idea that perhaps there isn't 'money' in the house; that he never knows from one minute to the other what will happen to him, and his play. Broadway! One has to be a 'type' rather than an actor to succeed on Broadway—and I hate being a type."

Miss Marinoff's eyes flashed fire. She was wound up. "If I had baby blue eyes and a cute little smirk, I should like Broadway," she continued. "If I had cunning little tricks to offer, I should rejoice in Broadway—perhaps. What is Broadway? Does it appreciate anybody? One season, it has one favorite; the next it has another. It is inconstant, fickle, and it craves types. That is all. I am not a type. I have never in my life succeeded in any rôle as a type. Suppose I were on Broadway. What kind of parts would I play? Italians—and nothing else. Oh, not because I could act those rôles better than any other, but simply for the reason that I am dark, and Italian-looking. Being that way constructed, Broadway managers would reason that I was good for nothing but these rôles. That is their philosophy. Broadway!!! And you think I am lost here."

I began to see that I had put my foot in it, with a vengeance. Moreover, in my Broadway soul, I could not but admit that Miss Marinoff was right. After all, what is Broadway, but refuge for types—for actors who are asked to play certain parts because they *look* them?

"I have been on the stage since I was eight years old," resumed Miss Marinoff, more placidly, "and I know its bitter side thoroughly. My rôles were always limited to my looks, as I have just said. I was dark, and small, and peculiar. The idea of being engaged by the yard does not appeal to me. I grew tired of hearing perpetually, 'Oh, you are two inches too short for such-and-such a rôle,' or, 'You are a trifle too thin for that part.' It is degrading, you know. After all, an actor should be able to act. That is at least his art, or it should be. I was engaged to play the part of *Ariel* in 'The Tempest' some years ago, but I was engaged simply because I read the part to them, and they saw that I could play it. They wanted a blonde with a soprano voice. I was a brunette with a contralto—therefore I was quite out of the reckoning. But I made up my mind that I *would* play that part. I told them my idea of it; I gave a reading of it, and I was accepted. I did play *Ariel*—not as a



"What does Broadway mean? It means that every night, the actor is miserable, as he asks himself, 'I wonder if we close Saturday?'"

type, but as an actress. And it has been the same with every part I have played. I was simply not the type, but I managed to get there on my merits. I refuse to be a type. I don't want to go through my stage life acting rôles that I *look*. You see, I look so few."

Miss Marinoff was very dramatic, and I was extremely impressed. There was a sincerity and magnetism about this young woman that was most convincing. In fact, she made me feel that I was not merely indulging in a "chat." I was so interested in her, that "writing her up" had no part in it at all.

"I am tremendously fond of the stage," she said, "and not at all in a stagestruck way, you know. I like the work. I adore congenial rôles—rôles that mean something. I am not particularly interested in Broadway parts—and by that I mean, the sort of thing that 'goes' on Broadway. I want a part that I can study, one that has subtlety and significance. Then I am happy. How dreadful it must be for critics—seeing all those things, night after night. I should think they would go mad." (Continued on page 29)



Photos by Campbell Studio

"Flowers That Bloom Spring Tra-la

—may or may not have to do with the case, but Fred Stone is enjoying their fragrance from the wings

Miss Mae Carman, of the *Midnight Frolic*, a living proof of Mr. Ziegfeld's prescience in pulchritude.

On stage, she is "Miss Melody" of the *Cohan Review*; otherwise Miss Eleanor Henry.

Photos by C.

Photo by Abbe

at Bloom in the
g Tra-la"



Photos by Campbell Studio

Where Diamonds
trump Hearts—
Miss Yvonne
Sheldon, of the
Midnight Frolic.

And while we are
on the subject—
Miss Gladys
Loflus, who may
be found evenings
on the New Am-
sterdam Roof.



Photo by Abbe





The secret agent's wicked wiles—
We'll thwart them from within;
A washerwoman's well-known trials
I'll risk—just to begin.



Officers alone may speak
—but oh,
Those privates have
their arts;
For as their hearts go up
in smoke
Their smoke goes up in
hearts.

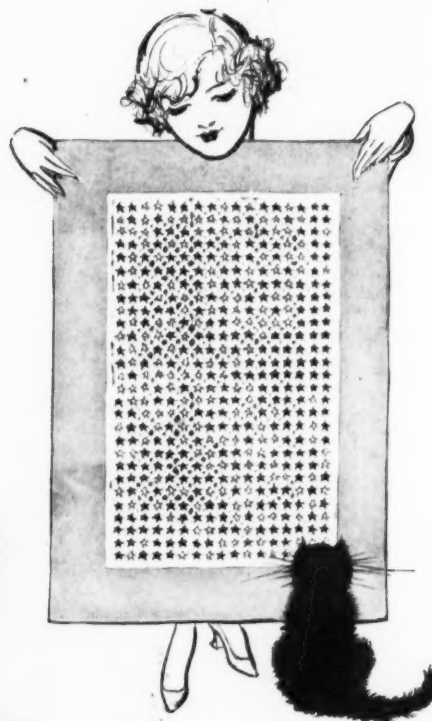
'Mid War's Alarms

by GUSTAV MICHELSON



GUSTAV MICHELSON

"Let us act in concert, all,"
Says Mr. Wilson to the Powers.
But at the soldier's Concert Ball
My poor head ached for hours.



Until their country called
on them,
They used to call on
Me,
Now with a star—from
hem to hem—
My Service Flag they'll
be.

I will not burn a lump of
coal
To iron or boil my mut-
ton;
I'm going to gladden Gar-
field's soul
And simply press the
button.



Soft Answers to Hard Questions

CAN you inform me as to the origin of the term, Slacker Marriage?

INDIFFERENT READER.

The expression originated with King Henry the Eighth of England. Or, no; on second thought, it was Brigham Young of Utah. Or was it De-Wolf Hopper? Authorities differ.

Will you give me a line on why "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has never been produced in the movies?

SIMON LÉGREE.

Certainly; Mason and Dixon's Line. And, by the way, please try to be up-to-date. It is Uncle Tom's *Bungalow*, not Cabin, the pious old dear having bought an abandoned plantation in Connecticut.

Would you mind telling me who wrote Dr. Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography?

PATAGONIAN READER.

Not at all.

I am anxious to get the title of a poem, the first line of which is as follows: zzzxvcnjda 44552*58@@ hhomffmfniihghzca ...58

LINOTYPER.

By George, but we're glad to get back at you. The title of the poem you want is fffgk15908578-246b, kdgfdssa. It was written by 1/4ggdaafghm vhgastfff, and may be obtained at any %fgjakd zzzxcljllqqq.

A bets B. A says that in the old time wars it was customary to fit out profiteers. B. says, No; privateers. Which is correct?

READING ROOM.

Split the money fifty-fifty.

What is History's judgment upon the ride of Lady Godiva through the streets of Coventry?

PEEPING TOM.

It is the consensus of modern opinion that she should have taken a taxi, in which event she might easily have passed for a society leader returning from the opera.

Was it Copernicus or Galilee who first discovered that the world did not stand still?

SOLAR SYSTEM.

It was neither. It was the man who discovered "the morning after." He made a number of interesting observations upon his double discovery, many of which are in use to this day.

We are playing Bridge. It is my lead in No-Trumps. I have the Ace, Queen and Ten of Clubs, the King, Jack, Ten and three small ones of Hearts, the King, Queen, Jack, Nine and Eight of Diamonds, and the Ace, Queen, Jack and Ninespot of Spades. What should be led?

NOVICE.

Your opponent's fingers hand lead for your sleeve. Novice, hey!

Was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow ever a professor at Harvard University? I have been told so.

HESPERUS.

He was. As Professor of Romance Languages, he tried hard to get "The Village Blacksmith" for the Harvard Varsity eleven of '74, but the University of Pennsylvania beat him to it.

What is the derivation of the German word, Junker?

IGNORAMUS.

It comes from Junk, and is on the way back.

Did the Police Regulations ever include Wall Street among the "one way streets"?

TRAFFIC.

A large, upper-case NO. Wall Street is an "Any Way Street;" any way so long as you get it. The Police dead-line is Fulton Street.

To settle a little dispute between friends, will you—(deleted).

RED AXE.

We settle no little disputes between friends. Address "Innocent Bystander" Editor.

Is there any premium upon a suspender button of 1918?

COLLECTOR.

The value fluctuates. Sometimes a man would give a good deal for one. It all depends on finding the right man. We wear a belt.

I am about to start on a long trip and would like to take along some good books. Will you supply me with the names of some that you can recommend?

TOURIST.

Certainly, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

I have two little sons. The oldest, Albert, has great talent for drawing, but no business ability whatever. His brother, Henry, cannot draw at all, but shows amazing aptitude for business. Can you help me to shape their careers?

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Gosh only knows what you are going to do with Albert, but by all means make an artist out of Henry. He is bound to bring home the bacon.

Will you tell me, through the columns of your not especially valuable paper, who originated the term, "Watch Your Step"? By whom was it first used?

RUSH HOUR.

By Noah, upon Mount Aararat. And also,

immediately afterward, by Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

Can you oblige me with a few facts concerning the life of William Howard Taft? I think he was at one time President of the United States.

SAGAMORE HILL.

Apply to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

I am invited to attend an afternoon tea of a Socialist Peace Society. Should I wear gloves?

ETIQUETTE.

It depends on whether the rules governing the tea are Marquis of Queensbury or London Prize Ring. If the former, six-ounce gloves should be worn. If the latter, bare fists.

What, please, is the meaning of the expression, "the high cost of living"? I have asked several persons in my immediate set and no one seems to know.

SUNBURST.

Kindly send photograph; we should like to have it framed, along with your letter.

We are strangers in town and would like some congenial occupations for our spare moments. Can you suggest anything?

Y AND Z.

Why not spend your time making fool bets, the way A and B do?

I have just been lost in Greenwich Village. Please, for heaven's sake, tell me how West Fourth Street happened to cross West Tenth?

ART STUDENT.

The plans were drawn with a fountain pen filled with Red Ink.

I have a clipping of a charming old poem entitled, "To _____." Can you give me the author's name?

SCRAPBOOK-WORM.

We think it was written by the charming Mr. _____

To decide a wager, was it John L. Sullivan or Timothy D. Sullivan who wrote the music for "Iolanthe"?

TIN PAN ALLEY.

Many have asked the same question. The authorship is in dispute and bids fair to become another Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

What was the Circus Maximus? Was it of Roman origin?

TANBARK.

Very, very much so. It is another name for Marc Antony's voyage with Cleopatra. See any good history of house-boating.

Who were the Nine Muses?

MYTHOLOGY.

First, Second, Short Stop, Third, Left, Center and Right Field, Pitcher and Catcher. Nine was the original number, but later the quota was increased. Nearly every club now carries about twenty on the pay roll.

Was Mother Goose a native of Germany or England?

ALIEN ENEMY.

She was English straight through and through. You are doubtless confusing her with Mother Goosestep.

Who is the national Squash champion?

SPORTING.

Address Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



"How much are those rolls a dozen?"

"Rolls—they ain't rolls! Them's fourteen-cent loaves, ma'm!"

The man who bets
dollars to doughnuts—

THE MORNING SMILE

Edited by WEX JONES

always quilts when
he is taken up.

Vol. I

NEW YORK, MAY, 1918

No. 1

Did You—or Did You Not—Know That—



Showers may be expected this season of the year?

A canary won't sing under water?

A doughnut's center of gravity is in the person who eats it?

Turtles consider the sincerest form of flattery is mock turtle?

A tame wild cat is as pleasant a companion as a wild tame cat?

Rugs will wear indefinitely if nailed to the ceiling?

You will be in no danger from U-boats if you travel only along the Rocky Mountains?

O, Mr. Hoover!

There's just as good fish in the sea,
But they're far too expensive for me.

War-time Proverbs

A cold in the head is worth two in the feet.

Answers to Correspondents

MILDRED: If your husband throws a roll at you at breakfast, you would certainly be entitled to call it war bread.

FARMHAND—You can probably obtain alligator pairs from the Bronx Zoo.

HOOVERETTE: Three cents is sufficient postage for a two-ounce roll.

FLAPPER: We have not enough space to publish the salaries and home addresses of all the movie actors in America.

PETE: Engagement rings belong to the jeweler; that is, if you buy them on the instalment plan.

Nursery Rhyme

There is a little boy
And he has a little bank,
And whenever he shakes it
The pennies do clank.

He's saving all his pennies
Till he gets twenty-five,
Then he'll buy him a Thrift-Stamp,
Sure as you're alive.

Our Daily Joke



HIS SHAME—
"SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING—
BUT I GOT IT MASKED SO
NOBODY CAN TELL
WHAT IT IS."

The Butterfly of Bar-le-cruc

A Short Story of the Latest Model. Fully Equipped
with Shock Absorbers. Guaranteed To Run
Over Three Pages—if Not Stopped
by Traffic Editor.

*Au clair de la lune
Mon cmi Pierrot . . .*

It was like the song of the nightingale. "Au clair de la lune," carolled Yvonne. Suddenly she stopped. There was a stranger coming down the woodland path, and Yvonne's grandpère, the old innkeeper of Bar-le-cruc, had warned her to distrust strangers, although Bar-le-cruc was long leagues behind the Front.

"Vot iss," said the stranger with an ingratiating smile.

Yvonne was silent. She had an instinctive dislike for this fat, blond man who smiled at her.

"Das madchen soldiers has seen yet, nein?" asked the stranger, speaking in French.

Yvonne trembled. A great idea had come to her.

"Mais oui, boss," she replied.

The stranger started on hearing his native Bavarian spoken so purely, but a look at the innocent young face reassured him. The child might have found an old German grammar.

"Where are dese soldiers?"

"En avant mit yours truly," answered Yvonne, leading the stranger forward, although her heart beat like that of a captured thrush. She would take this man to the inn, where her grandfather could look him over.

"Grandpère," prettily said Yvonne, "ce gent wish to hit le hay."

"Ja," said the stranger, "and send some grub to my room, already."



Herr von Broden

When the stranger had gone upstairs, the innkeeper quickly telephoned to the camp American for help.

Fifteen minutes later a tall young American strode up to the inn. He paused on seeing Yvonne.

"Une belle chicken!" he said under his breath.

"Il est some keed!" whispered Yvonne to herself.

The girl trembled as the brave young American strode up to the stranger's room. There was danger. How her heart beat! But presently he returned.

"It was Herr von Broden," the American announced. "But he was dead. The joy of seeing the frankfurters had killed him."

Herr von Broden!
Yvonne had trapped the Kaiser's chief spy!

Little did Yvonne care for the honors showered upon her. It was of Jeem, her big American, that she thought. As she strolled

in the moonlight, and the rays glinted upon the ring he had given her, how happily did she trill "Au clair de la lune."

Sporting Notes

It's against the rules in hockey to steady yourself by resting the back of your head on the ice.

Contrary to general belief, three-cushion billiards is played on a table with four cushions. The game evidently got its name from somebody who couldn't count.

Several young athletes have volunteered to serve as domino instructors at the training camps. Military authorities believe that a course of dominoes will enable our soldiers to outguess the Germans.

Baseball is more popular in Winter than in Summer, as there are no games to interrupt the arguments.

There are many first class bomb throwers in the trenches, but catchers are very scarce. Players say a mask isn't protection enough.

Under the proposed New York rules of boxing, all blows will be barred and bouts will be decided on footwork alone.



Woman's Interests

As they used to be—

A delicious way to cook beans is to boil them in water which has previously been placed in a saucepan.

Mrs. Watkin's Family Cook Book for sale at this office.

The prize for the best pie at the church sociable was won by Miss Emily Eagan.

Mrs. Abenezzer Snoggs has been laid up the past three days suffering from shock. She discovered a mouse in the kitchen last Saturday.

As they are—

Don't forget the date, February 23. If you don't register, remember you can't vote.

Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Procedure for sale.

Miss Susy Smith got a large slice of political pie when she was appointed Fire Commissioner.

The burglar captured by Miss Minnie Wampum turns out to be Blackjack Bill, for whose arrest there is a standing reward of \$5,000.

Our Own Interviews

No. 1.

Interview with Captain John Fire, who has just returned to this country for a rest after shooting down 30 enemy flyers and being himself sent down in flames from a height of 20,000 feet.



Capt. Fire.

"How did you like it Over There?"

"It's something fierce."

"The danger?"

"No, no, the French tobacco."

"Have any adventures?"

"No; nothing doing over there but flying around."

"How—"

"Must be off now. Have to catch a train to Chicago. Darned tough luck, too; couldn't get anything but an upper berth, and riding in an upper berth makes me nervous as the deuce."

"Good-by, Captain."

"Good-by."

A German Statement

We trampled neutral Belgium,
But France was all to blame.
We sank the Lusitania,
But England's was the shame.

We've shattered vessels right and left
When crews were unawares,
But why will people sail the seas?
'Tis plain the fault was theirs.

We plotted with the Mexicans
Against the U. S. A.
But did it all, as we've explained,
In the most friendly way.

In short, whatever Germans do
Is right and justified.
It must be so indeed, because
The Lord is on our side!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

EXCHANGE—Will exchange mumps, suitable for small boy, for light case of measles, or what have you? *Swell, Smile Office.*

FURNISHED APARTMENT—Cosy furnished apartment, attendants on guard day and night. Tenant, retired from business, would share with congenial German or Bulgarian in same line. *Nicholas Romanoff, Tobolsk, Siberia.*

WANTED—Deaf and dumb oyster wants instruction in lip reading. *Bi-valve, Baltimore.*

HELP WANTED—Man, who has just been shot at by highway robber, wants steel plate to divert bullet from its course. Apply at once. Bring references. *Corner Kelly and Snooker.*

TO LET—Cat will rent desirable place by kitchen stove. Occupancy June 1. *Sphinx, Smile office.*

POSITION WANTED—Chauffeur, out of work owing to death of employer when car was hit by locomotive at grade crossing, would like place with nervous old lady. *Daredevil Hank, Smile office.*

PUCK

Camouflage — by WALTER DE MARIS



If you live in the dry belt, reproduce "Sam's Place" on your dining-room wall. With a wooden wainscoting and a little imagination, mental scientists tell us, all the necessary conviviality may be secured.



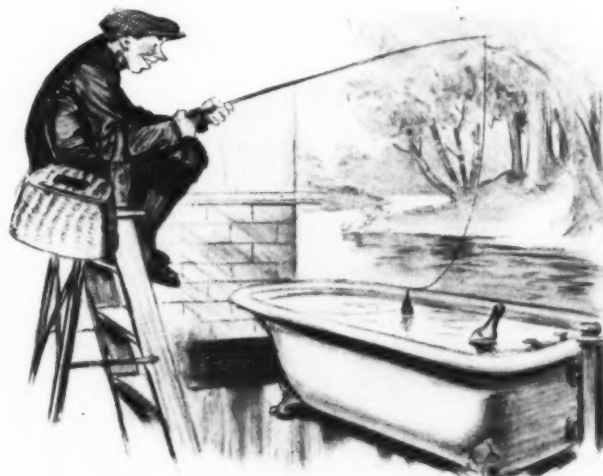
If you really want to keep your husband at home at night, devote the wall of your living room to a facsimile reproduction of "Flossy Dolly's Own Company," in action.



By the simple expedient of painting her ideal beside her, the lady with the homing instinct may have all the joys of domesticity with none of its annoyances.



Mr. Flatdweller, who longs for the "good ol' days," may utilize the dreary wall of the abutting light shaft to advantage.



The piscatorial bug who tells you he fished all day and didn't get a bite, but had a fine time, need not leave his bath-room.



Even the front door may be made to appear undesirable to book agents and lady insurance solicitors.



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Alone in the midst of war's desolation, the telephone lineman crawls to mend the broken wires.

On all sides the thunder of artillery; in the air bursting shrapnel.

He faces danger with that unconquerable spirit of war service which permits him to think only of maintaining the telephone connections.

The safety of the troops depends on these lines of communication, often used for the sentries' warnings, the carrying of official com-

mands and the summoning of reinforcements.

In a dark hole hidden among sparse brushwood are the telephone operators, some of whom have been for months in their damp cave ceaselessly swept by shells.

And they are admirable, all these heroes of the Signal Corps, whether serving in darkness or in the all too bright light of day.

The spirit of war service, over here as well as over there, furnishes the nerves, the endurance, the morale—the stuff that wins war.



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Agnes Lee

The Occult

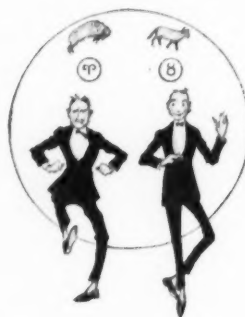
by

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

If you are a woman you will be

THERE are, alas, some who still rudely scoff at the miracles and mysteries of such things as horoscope readings and fortune-telling. There are, alas, some who are pig-headedly reluctant to believe that the marvelous Seer, Professor Astra, and the equally marvelous psychic, Madame Céleste, are able accurately to look into a customer's future, inform him (or, chiefly, her) of the character and qualities the all-wise Zodiac has bestowed upon him (or, chiefly, her) and to predict to

as follows: (1) that Prof. and Mme. can do the job just as well without Sagittarius and Leo, and (2) that it doesn't seem to make so much difference whether you are born under the cusp of Scorpio or the ex of Libra. Otherwise, as I shall now proceed to demonstrate to you—except for the further slight matter that your "fortune" is exactly like anybody else's—the system is above suspicion. Therefore, my Gemini friend (as the Professor says), here, especially if Mars is in Taurus and Venus in the Louve, is your horoscope:



him (or, chiefly, her) many things that are doomed by the same all-powerful constellations to befall him (or, chiefly, her). I have investigated the question, con and pro, now going on something like twenty-seven minutes; I have studied with most searching open mind the orbit of Aquarius, the cusps of Pisces and Aries, the cusp of Virgo, the tropic of Capricorn, the sign of Sagittarius, the symptoms of Cancer, the ditrichstein of Leo, the mystic planispheres of Scorpio and Libra, to say nothing of the Karmic law of Taurus and the by of Gemini; and I have emerged convinced that the Professor and the Madame are by these tokens capable of appraising their customers of their exact natures and of certain exact events that are to befall them. There are but two slight—flaws that I have been able to discover in the Prof.'s and Mme.'s system, and these are

1. Born on the cusp of — and —, your nature partakes of the characteristics of both signs. You are at heart magnanimous and kind and, if an employer, you are at times able to inspire your employees—or those of them who are capable of being inspired—with a moderate portion of your own vigor and determination. If you are an employee, you are faithful, but like to do most things according to your own methods. Any unpleasant interference in the details of your work seems to you to disarrange things and is apt to annoy you. If you are a woman, you will be fond of having numerous admirers, but you will not be unduly drawn toward marriage unless the man who seeks to win you masters your affections and desires by his own worthiness, automobile, comfortable finances, personal charm and good looks. If you are a man, you will be, while warm-hearted, not entirely a creature of impulse. You will now and again feel like stopping, even if stop you actually don't, to see what may come of a serious move. But when you see a girl you like, you will do very much more for her than for a girl you don't like.

2. You are going to the theatre in the near future and are going to be greatly disappointed in the play. Furthermore, the stiff shirt that the leading man will wear with his evening clothes will have an inordinately glossy bosom, and when the leading woman languidly throws her-



fond of having numerous admirers.

self on the sofa facing the footlights, she will peek down—though not a soul is in the room—to see if too much of her lingerie shows.

3. While walking up Fifth Avenue, you are going to pass a pretty girl whom you will admire, but who will disappoint you by neither looking at you for more than a casual, matter-of-fact instant nor stopping and speaking to you. You will wish you were able to think up something to say to the girl, something so blamed *à propos* and clever that she couldn't possibly feel offended and couldn't resist wanting you to go on talking to her, but you will be unable to think up the something and even if you were able, you would lack the courage to spring it.

4. Before the week is over, you are going to get a cinder in your eye.

5. If mentally excitable through planetary influences, you can, and probably will, on occasions lose your temper, but not necessarily in an offensive manner. You like to have things your own way, however.

6. You like to enjoy yourself and, while you are not niggardly, you prefer others to pay the bill.

7. You are somewhat opinionated and are not always apt to believe everything people tell you or everything you read in the newspapers.

8. Born under the cusp of — and —, especially if Saturn is in the orb of the Big Dipper, you prefer Ziegfeld's "Follies" to Ibsen's "Rosmersholm."

9. You will prefer country sausages to liverwurst, the leg of a chicken to the neck of the chicken, chocolate ice-cream to pistachio (if, indeed, you care for ice-cream at all)—and you will dislike prunes.

10. You are intellectual, rather handsome, have an inflexible love of justice (especially in what is due yourself) and a fair regard for the rights of others if they do not stand too much in your own way. You are also strong, brave, fearless, have excellent initiative, command the unspoken admiration of many persons who are unknown to you, are fond of luxuries and comfort, would like, if you were able, to roam the world if it weren't for the discomfort and expense of travel, have a superb analytical mind, cannot be easily fooled, and, while not exactly lazy, would much rather take things easy, if you had your way, than work hard.

11. Your home conditions do not always suit you. You need an occasional vacation.

12. If a man, and unable to dance, you affect loftily to look down on

(Continued on page 28)



Except for the slight matter that your "fortune" is exactly like anybody else's, the system is above suspicion.



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THE Nestle process and all implements are patented in the U. S. A.

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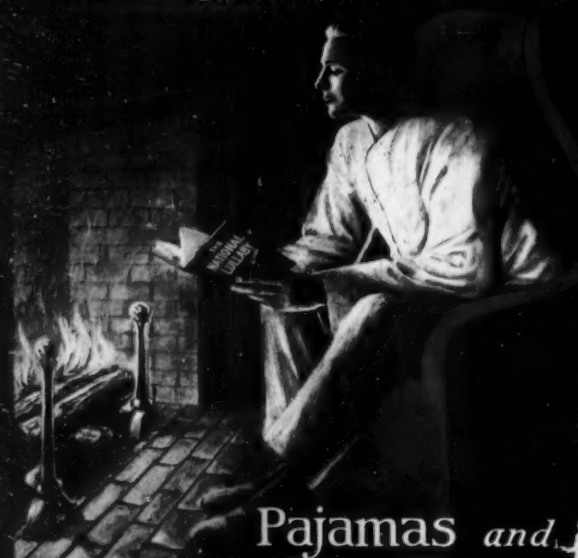
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Just One Thing

by

CAROLYN WELLS

The Gilded Youth



"Eustice, my son, I don't want you to stay out so late, and I'd rather you wouldn't smoke cigarettes, or go to supper with actresses. You should observe my precepts, you should revere and cherish my lightest word as law. Remember, I am your mother. I bore you."

"You do indeed, mother!"

My Bête Noir

When spending festival week-ends In country houses of my friends, I hate the "Den" whose table shows The magazines in serried rows. On seeing these, my very soul Explodes in wrath beyond control! Were they in bias lines—or curves— But those straight rows get on my nerves!

Not one aslant, not one askew— I cannot tolerantly view Their smug superiority, And I incontinently flee, Holding my itching fingers, lest I knock the whole bunch galley-west!

Modest

In an Ohio town they tell of a Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, who was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young woman, who, not catching his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning up the courage, he earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters. Call me Peet!"

"Oh, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young woman, blushing.

Horrors of War

My husband is a brute, a caveman, a despicable tyrant, a president of a conservation club. He has forbidden me to lunch at Sherry's, to order new motor cars without his consent, to have diamonds sent from Tiffany's on approval, and to give up my favorite, delicious Bombe Lillian when I am at the Ritz for tea. I have given my gold cigarette case with the diamond monogram to my maid because I am forbidden to smoke, and I am thinking about turning the wine cellar to a poor policeman who stands all day on a crowded street corner.

Oh, when will this horrid war end!

WALKER: What a stunning car Guy Wise drives! Is it his?

TALKER: Well, his wife bought it. She has the money, you know.

WALKER: Ah—his motor-in-law.

Chagrin

AH, the tragedy of life. Yesterday I was an heiress, owner of jewels and motor cars, pursued by army officers and men in general, a loiterer in cretonne boudoirs, expensive hotels and opera boxes.

Today I am clothed in rags. I have nothing to eat, no friend but a battered nondescript dog with a horrible tin can dangling from his tail. My hair has lost its marcel wave, and my shoes have been taken from me.

Ah, the tragedies in the life of a movie actress.

Lovely Woman

She bought a book on how to save her steps about the house, She read and practised all its laws, as meek as any mouse;

She didn't waste a motion—her efficiency was prime—

She saved an awful lot of steps and quite a lot of time.

Of course, in consequence of this, she grew exceeding fat; And so she bought another book on how to conquer *that*.

She paced her room a hundred times before she went to bed, And twenty times before each meal, upstairs and down she sped.

And, bless her heart, she couldn't see A bit of inconsistency!

NEIGHBOR: My dear, why are you covering your jam-pots with wall-paper?

EFFICIENT MOTHER: Camouflage. It's the same paper as that on the pantry walls.

Comparisons Are Odious

Positive: Coaled.
Comparative: Colder!
Superlative: Coal-dust!

Some Trades

The Poulterer was poulttering one sunny summer day; And the Fruiterer was fruitering his fruit;

The Pewterer went pewtering along his merry way;

And the Tinker was a-tinking on his lute,

Tootly-toot,

How the Tinker was a-tinking on his lute!

After Another

Sugar and Coal!
Sugar and Coal!
When a man marries
His troubles uproll!

Drink to me only with
thine eyes,
No other treat en-
trances;
No other beverage I
prize
But thy dear liquid
glances.

Pauline and the Matches

Her husband went away one day,
And left Pauline alone to play.
Though she'd been cautioned not to
flirt
She said: "Oh, pshaw! it will not
hurt
If just a little I coquet
With some young men that I have
met."
But when the Cats observed Pauline,
They ran and told what they had seen!
"Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-oo!
What will her angry husband do?"

A Moot Question

I mused—my mind with fancies
fraught—
O'er this odd pennyworth of thought;
Which I'd prefer—I cannot tell—
A sylvan glade or a bosky dell.
There is something that strong ap-
peals to me
In a sylvan glade—but, then, you see,
There is something that fascinates as
well,
In the mere idea of a bosky dell.
The sylvan glade would have tender
grass,
And cowslips that nod as the zephyrs
pass;
While the bosky dell of course would
be
Quite eerie and full of mystery.
There's a chill in the air and a witch-
ing spell
In the very thought of a bosky dell;
Oh, I'll never make choice, I am
afraid
'Twixt the bosky dell and the sylvan
glade!

MILDE: It doesn't pay to get mad.
WILDE: No; not at the present
high cost of dudgeon.

Many a man would pay two dollars
today for the excitement of crawling
under a circus tent once more.

It is almost impossible to be healthy,
wealthy and wise all at the same time;
I've tried 'em all.

Men give parties for their friends,
women give parties for the purpose of
not inviting other women they don't like.
In this difference is summed up all the
words of the greatest philosophers.



A Glossary Without Gloss

IMMORTALITY: The burning candle
that does not become smaller. 2. A per-
manent sound. 3. The dew-drop that
never evaporates. 4. Last winter's
icicle.

ILLUSION: The super-sanity that al-
ways sees Life behind a foot-light.

MARRIAGE: The joint occupation of a
house.

WEDDED: Solitude in the presence of
another. 2. Making last year's clothes
do.

INCARCERATION: Any term of office.
2. A gold band around the third finger
of a woman's left hand. 3. Heaven.

FIRE: The favorite plaything of men.
FLOOR: Gilbert Chesterton's ceiling.

SCANDAL: News in a fashionable
suburb. 2. A concoction whose first in-
gredient is Surmise.

SOCIALISM: Bread for all; French
pastry for none.

HISTORY: The programme of eternal
vaudeville.

RENT: A little playmate of Time, Tide
and Taxes.

SYMBOL: An idea with its costume and
make-up on.

MONARCHY: A form of government
which encourages the manufacture of
helmets and gold braid.

CONTENTMENT: Slumber with one's
eyes wide open. 2. Ambition buried deep
in an over-stuffed armchair.

CHILDHOOD: The vestibule of the house
of life.

CHECK: A written order drawn on a
bank in which one probably has funds.

ANGUISH: The toll taken on the high-
way of Great Expectations.

FRAME-UP: That which is too sacred
to put on paper. 2. A gentleman's agree-
ment.

PRISON: An institution that separates
bad people from bad people.

RAILROAD: Two parallel lines of steel
which, unfortunately, meet too fre-
quently.

FRUGALITY: Squirrel economies.

FOLLY: An ailment inherited by Man
from Adam for which there is no cure.

2. An ailment inherited by Man for which
no cure is desired.

DURABLE: A word which man uses to
describe one of his achievements and
which causes Time to hold his sides with
laughter.

ROMANCE: Sentiment taking a joy-
ride on a moonlight night.

CHARITY: That which begins at an
At Home. 2. A form of classified ad-
vertising that publishes the full name
with amount affixed. 3. An instance of
man's inhumanity to man that makes
countless thousands smile.



**You will find
this mark**



**on the sole of
all genuine
HERMAN'S
U.S.
ARMY SHOES**



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Your Feet
Efficient
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THOUSANDS of civilians have wisely adopted this shoe. Ask any army man or any civilian who has worn the Herman Army shoe what it has done to ease his feet and improve his efficiency at work or in sport.

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Accurately following the outline of the arch, the Herman Munson makes allowance for muscle action and natural expansion and allows the foot to do its part without pain or injury. It corrects foot troubles and makes walking the pleasure it ought to be. Every civilian whose feet are complaining will find in this shoe perfect comfort and matchless footwear value.

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As different
from other
Soft Drinks as
Day is from
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A Full Bodied
Substantial
Satisfying
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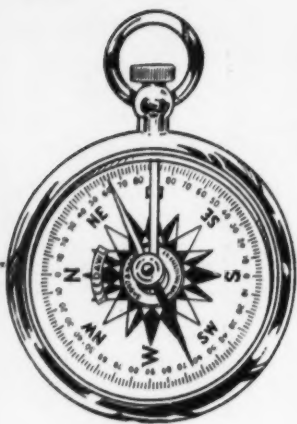
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Remember—if dealer is “just out,” or offers something else, don't be swerved—insist that he get one for you or order direct from us.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, New York

Dealers—Write for our profit-proposition today.



As a new villa looks to the architect whose plans are rejected.

The Occult

(Continued from page 25.)

down on the man who can dance, but all the same you secretly wish you could dance yourself.

13. If a man, you will think you are irresistible to women. If a woman, you will think you are irresistible to men.

14. The rewards of your labors are not big enough to satisfy you.

15. As age comes on, you will find that you are unable to do many things you did in your youth. But you will not admit it. Indeed, you will boast that you are just as good as ever, and that you never felt younger.

16. You don't like Sundays.

17. You think you can drink more without feeling it than you actually can.

18. You need much love. You can stand some flattery. You have a craving for the mysterious. If you had a great deal of money, you would be liberal with it. You are apt, at times, to look under the surface of things. You are not appreciated by others at your full and true value. You are very witty. You are at times hard to please. Your conversation is always interesting. You are apt to make business changes in an effort to better your condition. While you may be fond of sport, you will personally care nothing for cricket, water polo, tether ball, pole vaulting, dirigible ballooning, skiing, hook and ladder races, or javelin throwing.

19. You do not like to play chess.

20. If a married man, your wife will not understand you. If a married woman, your husband will not understand you.

21. Born under the cusp of —and —, and with Mercury in the orb of Jupiter, you don't believe that Charlie Chaplin gets all the money they say he does.

Wanted — Pinch Hitters

by GEO J. MORIARTY

(American League Umpire)

Step right up, you fan and player, banker, lawyer, and bricklayer—now's the proper time to make a pinch hit slam. You can be a real pinch hitter, and help bump the Kaiser's spitter, just by lending money to your Uncle Sam. Uncle Sammy needs your dollars, so go easy on your collars; make your last year's shirts and socks and trousers do. Never mind that trip you're planning to the beach to get a tanning—BE A LOAN DRIVE HITTER—buy a bond or two. Uncle Sam wants you to sign up, and become one of the line-up—BUY A BOND and you'll be batting like a vet; and the knocks you'll give Bill's twirlin' will be heard from here to Berlin—it will be the finest trimming he's had yet. If you'll BE A MONEY LENDER, you can swat the ruthless bender that the Kaiser flings with all his speed and hate. If your effort is a CASH ONE, you can step right up and smash one, and help drive the WINNING RUN across the plate. While our Star Team's in the trenches, and we sit home on the benches, far away from France, the shrapnel and the knocks, we can all let drive a single; it's the LOAN DRIVE—that's the bingle that may drive the killing Kaiser from the box.

The things that people don't do for others indicate what they are.

* * *

No man yet ever got indigestion from swallowing his pride.

* * *

Life is full of uncertainties, even to those who expect the worst.

* * *

Verbal sparring about the weather doesn't sell merchandise.

* * *

Some men who call themselves busy take six spasmodic jumps where a sane man takes two long strides.



THE last touch of feminine loveliness—the smooth, hair-free underarm—renders more strikingly beautiful the décolleté gown or those sheer modes with filmy, lacy sleeves.

Evans's Depilatory Outfit

Used occasionally it keeps you free from superfluous hair. There is no way to remove hair permanently without injury. Thousands of modish women consider Evans's Depilatory an indispensable article de toilette.

75c for Evans's complete and convenient outfit for applying the depilatory. At your own drug- or department-store—or send us 75c with your dealer's name and address.

George B Evans

1110 Chestnut St., Philadelphia
Makers of “Mum”

New Gowns From Old!

Why not look up-to-date at all times?

The effect of your gown is lost, unless the lines and the blending of colors are fashioned to suit your individuality, and to accord with the present mode.

Let me transform your old gowns. Let me show you what I can accomplish with a gown you may consider entirely unbecoming or out-of-date. I have made an extensive study of the Art of Remodeling, and shall be glad to give you the benefit of my ideas and wide experience. My moderate prices will surprise you.

New Gowns of smart design for Afternoon and Evening Wear; also Suits, Sports Coats, etc.

Write, or if in town call, and I shall be glad to serve you.

Mme. Blair

132 W. 91st St., New York
Tel. 4884 Riverside

I Go Down Into "The Village"

(Continued from page 17)

"It is better than hod-carrying," I suggested—but doubtfully.

"I did it one season," continued Miss Marinoff, musingly, "and I found it most terrible. I saw everything; I was at every first night, and I marveled at the critical powers of endurance. It is such an ordeal—or so it seemed to me. I am very fond of the theatre, and revel in fine performances. I'll tell you one actress who made a great impression on me—it was Mimi Aguglia, the Sicilian. I loved her work. I am fond of Nazimova, and I thought her picture 'War Brides' simply magnificent. There is a woman who will weep without bothering as to whether she looks pretty or not. She is sincere, and intelligent. That is the kind of work that I love to watch. Personally, I like to play any kind of part. I could not say whether I prefer comedy or emotional work. I like anything that gives me a chance."

"What about 'Karen,'?" I asked. "It interested me," she replied, "though I do not think *Karen* quite logical. She suggested to me a blonde—a tall, languorous blonde, but down here, we don't worry about types, and that is delightful."

"Didn't you think the play rather terrible?" I queried deftly, as really it was a tragedy that one could scarcely discuss dispassionately.

"The subject of what you call morals does not interest me at all," she said, naïvely. "A play is either good or bad. That is the test. It is absurd to say that a play is either moral or immoral. For me, those words mean nothing whatsoever. I consider that 'Karen' is a well-made play, and that the interest is kept up till the very end. In fact, there is such a shock in the last act, that it is a sort of dénouement. I suppose that years and years ago, such a play would have made a sensation, but not today. All these matters have been ventilated very thoroughly, and the only question is whether it is well or ill done. I am very fond of Ibsen, and should like to appear in 'The Master Builder' and in 'The Wild Duck.' I am afraid of *Hedda*. It is such an extremely difficult rôle. Do you remember that I played in that remarkable play 'The Awakening of Spring'?"

Miss Marinoff asked the question quite pleasantly, and I was a bit abashed. The piece, produced under the auspices of the Medical Society, had but one performance, and I am bound to admit that it was a bit terrifying. However, I vaguely recalled Miss Marinoff's rôle.

"I consider that 'The Awakening of Spring' would have had a chance if it had not been sponsored by the Medical Society, and had been produced as a drama. Moreover, it was offered as propaganda—when we were on the very eve of war with Germany, and it was doomed. It was merely an un-

fortunate occurrence and the play had no chance of being properly judged."

But I could not discuss "The Awakening of Spring" with such a very pretty girl as Fania Marinoff. No, I simply couldn't. I am not ashamed to confess that "Karen" interested me all the way through, and that even its remarkable last act gave me no pang of horror. But "The Awakening of Spring" rather nauseated me, and I must admit it.

"Today, girls of fourteen know everything that there is to know," remarked Miss Marinoff, "and for that reason perhaps 'The Awakening of Spring' was not as interesting as it should have been. It was incomprehensible here. But as I say, it was unfortunately presented. That is all."

Thoughts of Broadway had now quite left me. The tiny dressing-room of the Greenwich Village Theatre held my attention. The Sixth Avenue "L" rumbled outside, and there was no suspicion of whisky illuminated advertising. Oddly enough, I didn't regret this at all. Greenwich Village, thanks to the dynamic Miss Marinoff, had proved to be vastly entertaining. I had regarded it as a sort of temporary "cult," and now I registered the determination to see all its theatrical performances.

"I suppose I am estranging myself from all the light and warmth and gaiety of dear Broadway," Miss Marinoff said, pensively, "but I do not regret it. I feel comfortable, happy, and eager for better things, and please believe that I do not hanker for the white lights—not one bit."

And I did believe it. Anyway, there are few white lights on Broadway at present to hanker for, even with the best of intentions. As I edged sideways out of Miss Marinoff's tiny dressing-room, feeling crab-like, but energetic, I came to the conclusion that it was not on Broadway, but down in that nooky region that I had encountered the very liveliest "chat" I have enjoyed in years. As far as I am concerned, Nazimova can stay in the pictures!

In the past men looked backward for wisdom, and the wise man spoke from experience. Today the wise man is he who can make the best guess on what is going to happen ten years hence.

Even a good listener demands a chance to talk once in a while.

Life is not a thing of hysterical music and fetid rooms; life is sweet as woods in midsummer, strong as a great gale.

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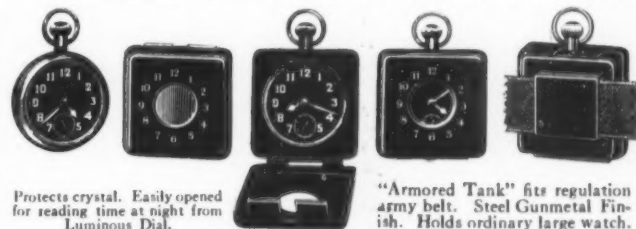
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Tales of the Town

(Continued from page 13)

lunched, dined and supped at different restaurants every day, went to theatres, cabarets and dancing places, took automobile rides and, in short, exhausted all the known devices of the big metropolis for killing time. Sampson invariably insisted upon paying the bills. The count frequently demurred, but his host was obdurate.

"This is conscience money," he would say, as he paid an account. "I got in wrong by making a mistake of judgment and I've got to make up for it." The count would smile, shrug his shoulders and extend the palms of two smooth, well-manicured hands.

The count had but little to say of his own affairs and yet Sampson soon felt that he knew all about him. There are ways in which a man can create a perfectly satisfactory panorama of himself in the mind of another without making the slightest explicit contribution to it. Sampson's picture of him was that the count was a rich man with great expectations if his titled father and uncle in France could only be kept in ignorance of the frivolous life he was leading in New York. He was very popular with women, although Sampson never saw him with any. He had many accomplishments, but there had never been an opportunity for him to exhibit them to Sampson. I've often thought that most of us go through life with pictures of our friends firmly fixed in our minds which we never have the opportunity of accurately comparing with the original. And, probably, our friends have the same of us.

One night, in a restaurant, the count asked for a blank check which he made out for ten dollars. He handed it to the head waiter.

"You have always give me good service," he said. "Take it wiz my compliments." The waiter was overjoyed and Sampson was considerably impressed.

"I nevaire carry much money wiz me," the count explained. "All ze money in my pocket I spend." Sampson nodded.

"Lots of folks are like that," he said. "But I'm different. I had to work so hard to make my money that I never let go of it without intending to. I could carry a thousand dollars in my pocket for a month and never spend a cent if I didn't feel like it."

The following day the count appeared in an overcoat, tightly buttoned to his chin. It was a warm day and Sampson joked about it. The count winked at him.

"Tonight I get up ze gran' party," he explained. "I got on my dress suit because I have to go ovaire to Brooklyn. You come lunch at a quiet leetle place? Yes? An' I tell you about it? Yes? Oh, la! la!"

They went to Rector's. The count unfolded his scheme. He knew four beautiful girls who worked in a moving picture studio in Brooklyn. They

did not get through until seven o'clock and he wanted to be there in time to bring them over to New York. He had arranged all the details. Sampson was to kill time during the afternoon, dress himself at six and be at a certain place at seven-thirty, waiting. The count suddenly felt all his pockets, turned to the head waiter and asked for a blank check. When it was brought he made it out to "Cash" for two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Please tell Meestaire Rector zat ze Count de Caligny would like to speak wiz him," he said to the waiter. The waiter was sorry. Mr. Rector was not in the restaurant. He would not be there until the evening.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the count. "What are you fussing about?" asked Sampson. "How much is the check? Two hundred and fifty? Here! Let me cash it."

Ah, yes! Sampson waited. He in his best dress suit. He even had a gardenia, for which he had paid two dollars, in his buttonhole. And did the count come? No. The count did not come. Did the moving-picture girls come? No, they did not come either. Did anything come at all? Yes, gentle reader. Something came. It was a sense of realization that came to Sampson that he had made another mistake in judgment. It came very slowly. In fact, he even fought against it. He manufactured as many excuses for the count as the count could possibly have manufactured for himself. And then, being at bottom, a sensible person, he laid the matter fairly and squarely before the detective of his hotel.

"I've seen him around with you," the detective said, "but I don't know anything about him. I guess you'll have to wait to see how his check comes out."

The detective, you see, was also a sensible person. Sampson waited. And he saw. The words "No funds" were written so plainly that a near-sighted man could have read them without glasses. And then Sampson boiled over. Have you ever read the Jackdaw of Rheims?

"In holy anger, and pious grief,

"He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!

"He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;

"From the sole of his feet to the crown of his head;

"He cursed him in sleeping, that every night,

"He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;

"He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

"He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;

"He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;

"He cursed him walking, in riding, in flying,

(Continued on page 32)



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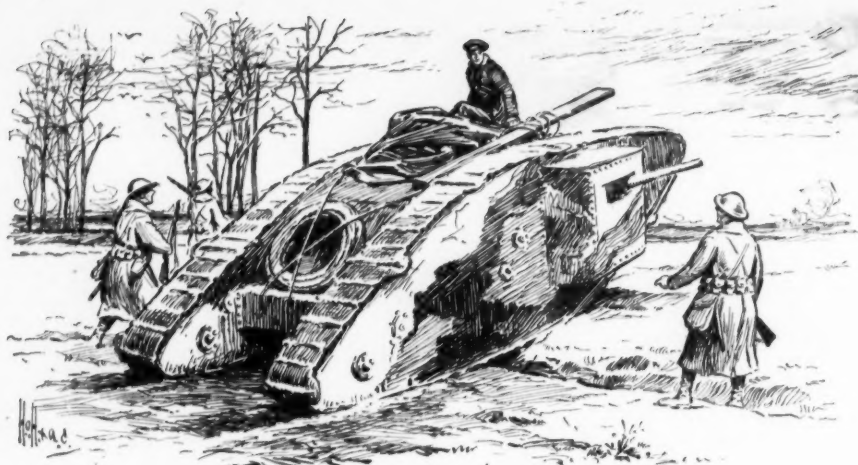
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"Move her a bit forward, will ye Jim? I dropped my cigarette right there."

Tales of the Town

(Continued from page 30)

"He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!"

"Never was heard such a terrible curse!"

"But what gave rise to no little surprise,

"Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

The detective suggested to Sampson to turn the matter over to the police but Sampson preferred to swallow his loss rather than take the chance of his friends in Missouri reading of his credulity. In fact, his mind never for a moment dwelt upon the loss of the money. What bothered him was that he had made another mistake in judgment. He had thought the count to be a despicable masher and had reversed his opinion. Then he had thought him to be a wealthy and honest gentleman and now was compelled to reverse his opinion again. People who spend their lives with mules seem to acquire some of the animals' traits. Among them is a strong dislike for changing their views.

For several days Sampson spent a great deal of time in planning what he would do to the count when he met him again. He had now come to the conclusion that the count was no count at all, that the story of the party with the seven girls had all been manufactured and that the man was an ordinary swindler. But, as the days passed, his temper cooled and the whole matter finally went to slumber in a remote nook in his consciousness.

Martin Sampson was gradually coming to the conclusion that he did not like New York. He had seen everything that there was to be seen and the life of the city did not appeal to him. The people were too selfish and cold-blooded.

One night, feeling lonesome and depressed, he treated himself to a royal repast in one of the best-known

hotels of the city. He ate and drank himself into a cheerful humor and, toward nine o'clock, decided to go to a vaudeville performance. As he strolled through the corridor of the hotel he suddenly saw the count. The Frenchman was sitting upon a couch, nervously tugging at the end of his beard and gazing at all the women who passed. Sampson stopped to watch him. He was undecided what to do. The desire to inflict punishment upon the swindler had passed and Sampson was in too good-natured a mood to court a scene.

For a moment he was almost tempted to approach the count and express his willingness to forget all that had happened for the sake of spending the evening in convivial company. But at that instant he observed that the count was trying to attract the attention of a young woman who had just entered the corridor. She was rather a pretty, timid-looking creature and, when she saw the count, she seemed to shrink from passing him. He rose and stood directly in her way. With the utmost good nature he placed his hands on both her arms and attempted to detain her.

"Please let me go," she said. "I don't wish to speak to you."

It was more than Sampson could stand. He stepped briskly toward the couple, gently pushed the young woman aside and then seized the count firmly by the throat.

"Now, you scoundrel," he exclaimed, "I suppose you're going to tell me the lady is an old friend of yours."

As Sampson's clutch had cut off the count's supply of air he naturally could not answer the question. And then, suddenly, the young woman screamed and, with her tiny fists

began to pummel Sampson's broad back.

"How dare you!" she cried. "Let my husband alone! Help!"

Sampson relinquished his hold and turned to the woman in bewilderment. She promptly transferred her pummeling to his chest. People were beginning to crowd around and hotel attendants were pressing forward to learn the cause of the disturbance.

"Your husband?" repeated Sampson, feebly. One of the attendants had seized him by the arm. People were murmuring, "Shame!" "He was choking the man for nothing!" Sampson looked around him and encountered antagonistic glances on all sides. And then the count recovered his poise and took the lady by the arm.

"Come, Countess," he said, gently. "Ze gentleman maybe has drink too much. Let us go way. It ees all meestake." The lady followed him, meekly.

"You'd better get out of here," said one of the attendants to Sampson. Sampson slowly nodded his head. It seemed to him that he had never heard such sound and acceptable advice before in all his life. He walked back to his hotel in a daze. As he entered he heard his name being called by a boy. He was wanted at the telephone. It was the count's mellifluous voice that came over the wire:

"I am so sorree! But you know how it ees wiz ze ladies. Zey will keel zair husban' but zey let no one else touch him. Ze Countess is vair' sorree, too!"

Sampson did not answer. He hung up the receiver. And now a great calm fell upon his spirit. He had suddenly decided, firmly and irrevocably, upon St. Louis as his future abiding place.

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Why not enjoy yourself as others enjoy themselves who are more highly alive and who have super energy, super health, super vitality and super powers of every character through conscious evolution?

Why deny yourself the keenest of pleasures? Why miss the extreme joy of life? Why miss the super pleasures?

IF you cannot exert your greatest possible brain and body power for long stretches at a time; if you cannot complete big tasks without feeling the need of rest afterwards; if you cannot be just as alert, as quick, as vibrant, as energetic at bed time as you are in your freshest morning hour; if you cannot resist and throw off the fatigue elements so that you are never compelled to rest or even let down in your activities of *mind or body*—if you cannot do these things you do not know what it is to live! You are sacrificing golden treasures and golden pleasures, you are giving up at least one-half of your rightful proportion of joy, happiness, pleasure, health, energy, vitality, strength and success—you are missing at least *fifty per cent* of what you could easily secure out of life simply because you are so easily overpowered by negative elements.

You Are Only One-Fourth to One-Half Alive!

If you are inclined to lean up against something when standing—if you are inclined to let your shoulders droop when sitting—if you want to go to bed early—if you are tired upon arising—if you feel that you must "be careful" not to do things that you would like to do—afraid to eat what you like, or work late and hard; or if you have a pet list of mental and physical "don'ts"—you are missing at least three-fourths of what life holds for you!

You are only one-fourth to one-half as alive as you think you are! The billions of tiny cells of which your body and brain are composed, are of varying degrees of activity—some are alive, some are weakened, some are practically lifeless and some are totally dead. The activity of your body and brain, their resistant powers against fatigue, their ability to think, create, accomplish, are entirely dependent upon the degree of activity of all the cells. Most people have a predominant quantity of antagonizing non-alive cells, which master and overpower the live elements, making them easy victims of "averagitis."

Are You Suffering From Averagitis?

Averagitis is the disease of being only an average, or below average person, instead of an *exceptional* person. Most people are only *average* in health, *average* in wealth, *average* in mental capacity, *average* in everything instead of being *exceptional* in health, *exceptional* in wealth, *exceptional* in mental capacity, *exceptional* in everything.

Perhaps you think there is no hope for you—that Nature has made you what you are—that it is natural for you to get tired—that Nature governs your destiny—that nothing you can do will change your position or prospects. The truth is that Nature makes us only as great, as mentally alert, as physically

powerful as we *compel* her! We hold in our hands our own fate. One man molds ordinary nothings while the sculptor molds the same clay into magnificent masterpieces. So do some of us mold our *own material* into ordinary nothings while others make of themselves locomotives of energy, power, activity, and giants in mental equipment.

You are Nature—Nature is You. The material with which you have to work is the billions of cells in your system. By *cultivating* and *developing* these cells through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION you can become as exceptional as you *desire* in every department of the body, including the brain, mind and personality. Conscious Evolution can so develop the brain and nervous system, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the muscles, the stomach, in fact every organ and part of the body so that you will not know what it is to feel tired or listless, you will not know what it is to have indigestion or any of the ailments or complaints that sufferers from "averagitis" must have! Conscious Evolution will make you look better to others and to yourself. Conscious Evolution will so supply you with *reserve* energy that you will not suffer from over-eating or over-exertion,—you will be able to withstand excesses, break Nature's laws,—make your own laws of Nature. And the most remarkable thing about Conscious Evolution is that no drugs, medicine, appliances, apparatus, cold baths, violent exercise, or any other dangerous or disagreeable element is required—there is nothing to give up, nothing to do that you will object to; it requires an average of less than fifteen minutes a day, and the beneficial results are noticeable after the *first five minutes!*

Don't Labor Under Handicaps

Conscious Evolution can make your brain so quick-acting, so powerful in thought, so fatigue-proof, so eager to grapple with problems that your material success will amaze you! Conscious Evolution will make you so great in health and mind power that it will never be late enough for you to feel sleepy, or early enough for you to want to remain in bed, and no task will ever be dreaded. You will not be handicapped by detracting physical disorders or mental inefficiency because you will have left them behind. You will not know there is such a thing as failure.

Without the knowledge of how to Consciously Evolutionize every cell, tissue and organ of the body, you are depriving yourself of pleasures and advantages for which you have been wishing all your life—you are living an inferior life, you are denying yourself the success that can easily be yours. Why deny yourself the super pleasures and super joys, the real and substantial happiness? How long will you let your negative elements rule you?

These New Copyrighted Books Are Free

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" are the A, B, C of evolution and persistent youth. These books explain Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. They explain the Swoboda theory and the laws of mind and body. They startle, educate and enlighten. They explain as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body.

They tell how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and how to organize the cells beyond the point where Nature left off for you, and where you, as Nature, may continue your self evolution.

These books will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books on all of the sciences and philosophies on the subject of mind and body.

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" will show you how you can increase the pleasures of life to a maximum—how to intensify

them and how to make your life more profitable, pleasurable and joyous. These essays will show you the way to the full life, the superior life, the more satisfactory life, the lively life. They will show you how to overcome the inferior life, the feeble life, the negative life, the unsatisfactory life.

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" will show you how to increase your pleasures and happiness to a maximum, and how to reduce your troubles of every character, mental, physical, physiological and conceptual, to a minimum.

"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" will show you how to intensify, prolong, increase and magnify your pleasures.

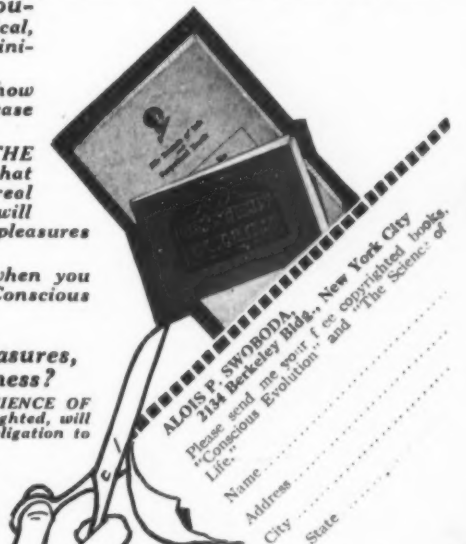
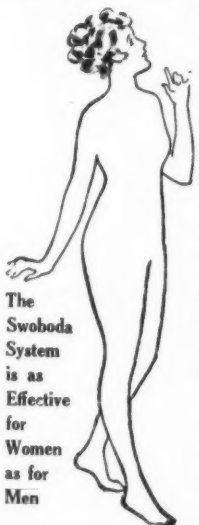
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Life will mean much more to you when you intensify your pleasures through Conscious Evolution.

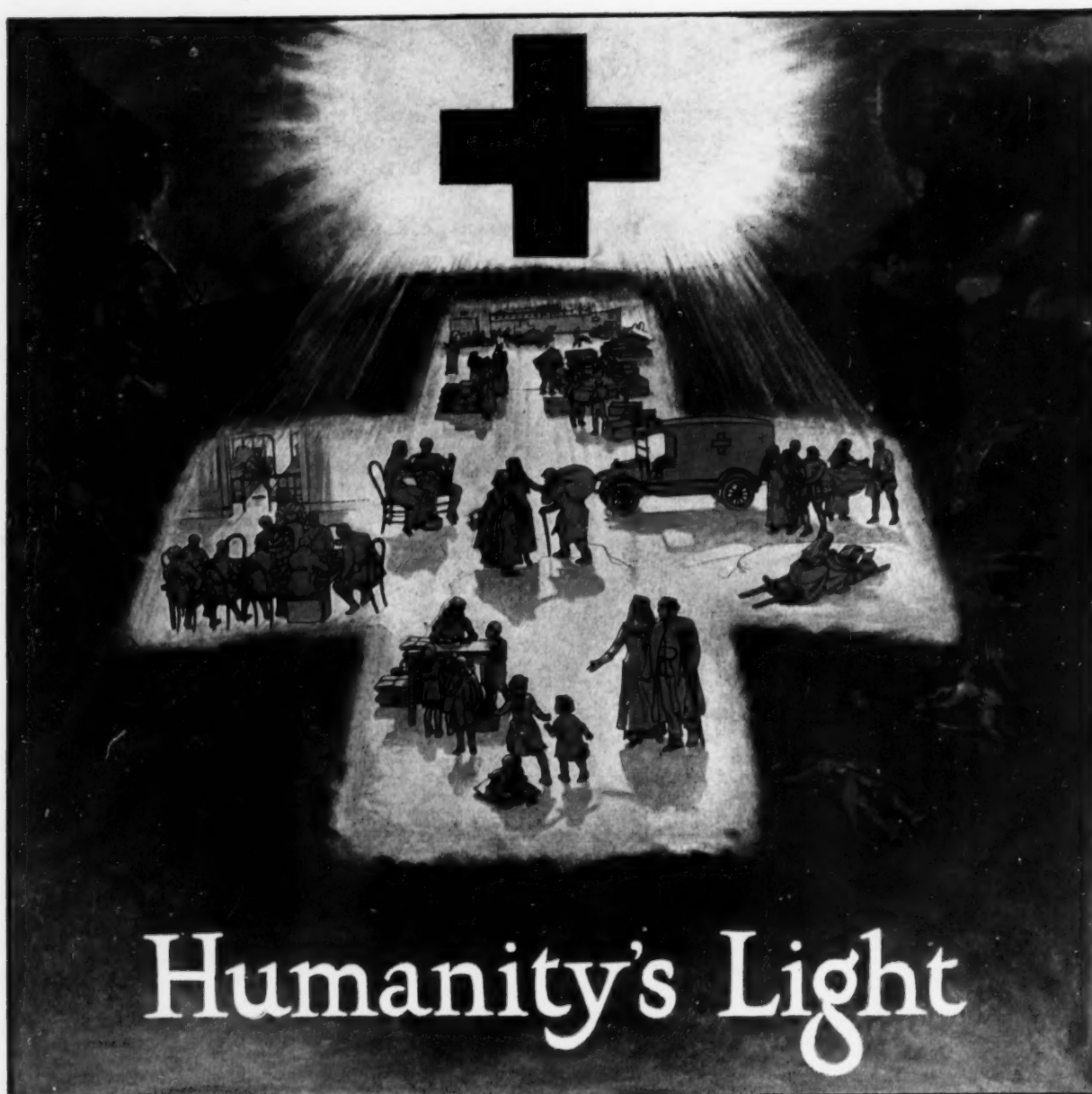
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